

# Good 475 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Home Town News

HATS off to the ladies of the Friends of Free France in chance to become little captives! When they give up "gold-dust" coupons with a smile, fighting down that "How many fully-fashioned stockings could we get for them" feeling, they sure deserve the Big Hand.

**Behind the sacrifice is a flag.** Not an ordinary Wave-for-Victory one, but a work of beauty. A French Tricolour, tastefully embroidered. They ran a bun-fight sale to find the funds, and gave up coupons to buy the material.

Reason: They dearly wanted to present a flag to be carried by a famous French regiment on the Victory march into Berlin. General de Gaulle was asked to nominate a regiment. He chose the 1st Motorised Infantry Division, heroes of Egypt, Libya, Tunisia and Italy. Lord Mayor of Cardiff handed the flag over to Brig-General J. Flipo, French Military Attaché to the Allied Governments, who has been charged with delivering it to the regiment. It was designed by General de Gaulle's H.Q. Staff and embroidered by the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington.

### SELF-HELP.

THE land workers basic wage rate in South Wales is £3 5s. With overtime they can make £5. It doesn't look a

### BARRAGER, M.B.E.

"MISS COOKSLEY" they call her in a Welsh factory that through most part of the war was working mighty hard in turning out barrage balloons. She is the Super. of the factory, and trained hundreds of girls in the job.

For some time she has been superintending the manufacture of parachutes and dinghies. Hundreds of lives have been saved by these singing factory girls, whose nimble fingers have not yet ceased their final war job.

The boss (Miss C.) was recently awarded the M.B.E. for her job of work.

She made the first barrage balloon ever used in the war.

### SPORTBIT.

SERGT. CYRIL GALLIE, Wales's new boxing champ., is going great guns. After his resounding victory over Harry Lazar recently, he has surmounted hurdle No. 2 in his professional career by getting the verdict over Sergt. Jimmy Watson, of Edinburgh, at a tournament run by the Newport Sportsmen's Association in aid of the Red Cross.

Gallie, who is now about 9st. 13lb., is about to be fixed



A Cardiff Landmark.

### GOLDEN VOICE.

THEY are talking in Aberystwyth about the screen success of Mr. Van Druten, a former lecturer at the University College there, who is credited with having sold the screen rights of his play, "The Voice of the Turtle," for a sky-high figure.

It has been yielding more than £6,000 a week since its first presentation in New York last autumn. Though the film rights price has not been disclosed by Warner Bros., it is said in Wales to be £85,000.

Just as we were anxious to

## Picture for C.P.O. Cyril Averillo

ALL is well at home, 4, Ashton-street, Brighton. Stella is fine and thinks of you constantly.

The Lamb and Flag is still there and flourishing, and "auntie" sends her best wishes. She hopes to see you soon knocking back pints!

Our reporter very much admired your mother's brooch which you made for her. Don't forget Pop wants a mouth-organ!

Festive note: the cockerels are fattening up nicely for Christmas.

JOHN ALLEN  
tells you how  
"The Crowd  
Roared" at  
Old Trafford

# 3 OCT. 1944 GREATEST CATCH GREATEST MATCH —BUT RAIN WON

WHEN the vast crowd entered the famous Old Trafford Ground to see the Australian Test Team of 1902 take on the best of England, few of the spectators expected to witness one of the most amazing struggles in the annals of cricket.

A heavy, overcast, but typical Lancashire sky, with the sun forcing a passage through when least expected, lay over Old Trafford for many hours. Then, when England and Australia had each completed their first innings, and the men from Down Under were thirty-seven runs in the lead, things began to happen.

When the Australians opened their second innings most folk thought that a draw would probably result from the patience and thoroughness of the early batsmen. These Australians, who can sit on the splice, or open their shoulders and hit with the best, seemed to prefer to splice that afternoon. For several minutes they looked set for a good innings.

Then the England bowlers, taking advantage of a light dew upon the wicket, began to break through the defence of Australia's leading batsmen, and before very long, much to the amazement of the dour Lancashire crowd, the Aussie stars had been dismissed and only the tail-enders remained.

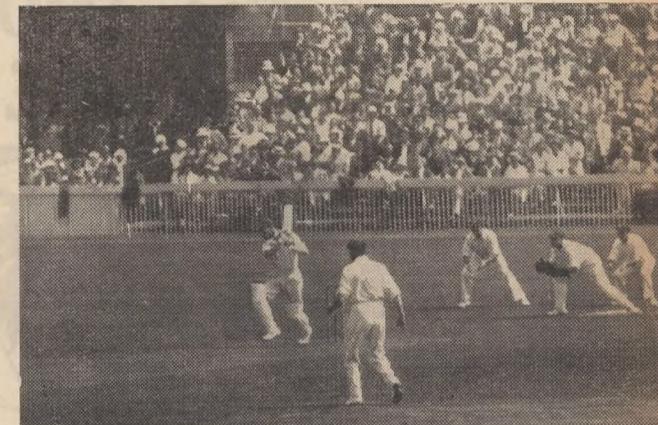
For some little time they poked about the crease—and precious minutes were passing. Archie McLaren, the Lancashire captain, who was leading England, began to become uneasy. He sensed, with good fortune, that his team stood a very good chance of winning the match, so he tossed the ball to Fred Tate—father of the great Maurice Tate, of Sussex and England—who, after an uncertain start, finished off the Australian innings.

And the men from Down Under had been skittled out for a mere eighty-six runs. That left England with only 124 needed for victory.

"Well, lads," said Archie McLaren to his team, as they entered their dressing-room. "We'll have to go out and get the runs in near record time to win. So don't forget, hit hard and often."

By this time rain clouds were gathering, and with a storm threatening to break at any moment, England opened her second innings.

Just as we were anxious to



get the runs, so were the Australians on their toes determined, if humanly possible, to prevent the Old Country securing another win. The England players took seriously the suggestion of Archie McLaren that the only way to win the match was to throw caution to the wind, open their shoulders, and hit the ball as hard as possible.

Runs, at times, came quickly. But wickets, too, fell at an alarming rate, and with only three wickets to fall, England were only a matter of thirty runs behind.

The Australians were magnificent in the field. Not a run was thrown away. The bowling was accurate, of good length, and full of pace and guile. In fact, the England batsmen realised, for all their audacity, that they were facing the Aussies at their brilliant best.

When another wicket fell, and England were fifteen runs behind, with two wickets to fall, Dick Lilley, the Warwickshire wicket-keeper, strode out on to the Old Trafford pitch.

A great welcome greeted his appearance, for the Lancashire crowd, always enthusiastic about hard-hitting batsmen, knew that the stumper would quickly open out.

They were not disappointed. After facing a first over in which he twice nearly lost his wicket, Lilley, with characteristic vigour, began to make the deep fielders do some running.

The spectators, when Lilley finally contacted a full-toss with a mighty swipe, let out a shout of enthusiasm. High into the air soared the leather. It looked certain to

reach the boundary. Suddenly the crowd stopped their cheering. A pin might have been heard to drop. For a tall Australian fieldsmen was streaking round the ring, his eyes fixed upon the falling ball.

It was Clem Hill.

The spectators were breathless with excitement. So were the players on both sides. Would Hill reach the ball before it crashed into the crowd?

A sudden roar told its tale—for Hill, by a superb turn of speed, and rare judgment, caught the ball, and nearly fell to the ground. It was the greatest catch ever made at Old Trafford.

Eight runs were needed for victory—and one English wicket left. Fred Tate was last man in. A splendid bowler, Fred would be among the first to admit that he was not a great batsman. Anyway, he had just buckled on his pads, picked up his bat, and made for the gate that led to the wicket, when the storm broke.

For a solid hour, while rain teemed down, Fred Tate sat waiting for the time when he could go out and try to snatch victory from defeat.

At long last the sun broke through, the Australians hurried on to the rain-soaked enclosure, and Fred Tate, after taking his stand at the crease, prepared for a do-or-die effort.

A good-length ball, straight on the wicket, it would have earned respect from the finest batsman, but Tate, walking out to it, caught the ball in the centre of the bat—and it flew to the boundary like a bullet.

Four runs wanted for victory! Again the bowler ran up to the wicket. Once more Fred Tate, almost with a cocky air, went out to meet it. His bat swished through the air. The crowd held their breath. And a crack behind Fred Tate told him the worst had happened.

Australia had won the most thrilling Test of all time by three runs!

And, to make England feel all the sorrier, the very moment Tate's wicket fell it began to pour with rain. Three more minutes and England would have been saved.

But then, that's cricket!



Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



In her Welsh factory, Miss Cooksley made the first barrage balloon ever used in the war. She got the M.B.E.

lot, but it was less than £2 before the war. And there are many, believe it or not, who are knocking up well over £10 a week.

They are members of the market garden produce settlements started in 1936 by the Welsh Land Settlement Society.

Originally composed of miners who were taken from the dole queues, the settlements, which extend from Monmouthshire to North Wales, are run on a profit-sharing basis. It is a condition that all profits are paid out each year.

So great have they been during the war that bonuses have been running into several hundreds of pounds per man a year. Of course, there is a good waiting-list of men who want to join these self-help settlements.

Plans are laid to extend them after the war. Ex-Servicemen are to have first normal life. The claims of chance to join. Present members not only enjoy fair wages, are being strongly pressed. modern houses rented at 4s. a week, and free vegetables, plus have joined in the fray.

**EISTEDDFOD BATTLE.** A BATTLE is blowing up between various districts in Wales for the honour of staging the next-but-one post-war Eisteddfod. Next year's venue, fixed last year, will be at Rhos.

Since 1939 this great national event has been a mere skeleton of its pre-war figure, but plans are completed to return to the magnificent and colourful gatherings of the old days.

The present battle rages over the venue for the 1946 Eisteddfod, which promises to be run under blue-sky conditions of

which you made for her. Don't forget Pop wants a mouth-organ!

Festive note: the cockerels are fattening up nicely for Christmas.

# Aladdin Slept with his Back to the Bride

THE chief of the officers went to Aladdin's mother at the next Council, and she followed him to the foot of the sultan's throne.

The sultan said to her, Good woman, I have observed you to stand a long time, from the beginning to the rising of the divan: what business brings you here?

At these words, Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time; and, said, Monarch of monarchs, before I tell your majesty the extraordinary and almost incredible business which brings me before your high throne, I beg of you to pardon the boldness or rather impudence of the demand I am going to make.

In order to give her the more freedom to explain herself, the sultan ordered every body to go out of the divan but the grand vizier, and then told her that she might speak without restraint.

Aladdin's mother said, I beg of your majesty, if you should think my demand the least injurious or offensive, to assure me first of your pardon and forgiiveness.

Well, replied the sultan, I will forgive you, be it what it will, and no hurt shall come to you: speak boldly.

When Aladdin's mother had

## The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



taken all these precautions, for fear of the sultan's anger, she told him faithfully how Aladdin loved the princess Badroulbadour.

She took the china dish, untied it, and presented it to the sultan. The sultan's amazement and surprise were inexpressible, when he saw so many large, beautiful, and valuable jewels collected in one dish. After he had admired and handled all the jewels, one after another, he turned about to his grand vizier, and showing him the dish, said, Look here, and confess that your eyes never beheld anything so rich and beautiful before. Is it not worthy of the princess, my daughter?

These words put the grand vizier into a strange agitation. The sultan had, some time before, signified to him his intention of bestowing the princess, his daughter, on a son of his; therefore he was afraid, and not without grounds, that the sultan dazzled by so rich and extraordinary a present, might change his mind.

Thereupon, going to him, and whispering him in the ear, he said to him, Sir, I cannot but own that the present is worthy of the princess; and I beg of your majesty to grant me three months before you come to a resolution.

The sultan told Aladdin's mother, at the expiration of that time, to come again.

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of all men at hearing this news. When two of the three months were past, his mother, one evening, going to light the lamp, and finding no oil in the house, went out to buy some; and, when she came into the city, found a general rejoicing. Aladdin's mother asked the oil-merchant what was the meaning of all those doings. Whence came you, good woman, said he, that you don't know that the grand vizier's son is to marry the princess Badroulbadour, the sultan's daughter, to-night?

This was news enough for Aladdin's mother. She ran, till she was quite out of breath, home to her son. At this account, Aladdin was thunderstruck.

He took the lamp, and rubbed it in the same place as before; and immediately the genie appeared.

Hear me, said Aladdin: you have hitherto brought me whatever I wanted as to provisions; but now I have business of the greatest importance for you to execute. What I ask of you is, that, as soon as the bride and bridegroom are in bed, you bring them both hither in their bed.

Master, replied the genie, I will obey you.

In the meantime, everything was prepared with the greatest magnificence in the sultan's palace, to celebrate the princess's nuptials; and the evening was spent with all the usual ceremonies and great rejoicings, till midnight, when the grand vizier's son, on a signal given him by the chief of the princess's eunuchs, slipped away from the company, and was introduced by

that officer into the princess's apartment, where the nuptial bed was prepared.

He went to bed first, and, in a little time after, the sultaness brought the bride.

No sooner was the door shut, but the genie, as the faithful slave of the lamp, without giving the bridegroom the least time to caress his bride, to the great amazement of them both, took up the bed, and transported it in an instant into Aladdin's chamber, where he set it down.

Aladdin, who waited impatiently for this moment, did not suffer the vizier's son to remain long in bed with the princess. Take this new-married man, said he to the genie, and shut him up in the house of office, and come again to-morrow morning after daybreak. The genie presently took the vizier's son out of bed, and carried him in his shirt whither Aladdin bid him.

The princess gave very little attention to what Aladdin could say. The fright and amazement of so unexpected an adventure had put her into such a condition that he could not get one word from her.

However, he undressed himself, and got into the vizier's son's place, and lay with his back to the princess putting a sabre between himself and her, to show that he deserved to be punished, if he attempted anything against her honour.

Aladdin had no occasion the next morning to rub the lamp to call the genie; he came at the hour appointed, and said to him, I am here, master; what are your commands? Go, said Aladdin, fetch the vizier's son out of the place where you left him, and put him into his bed again, and carry it to the sultan's palace.

As soon as the genie had set down the nuptial bed in its proper place, the sultan, curious to know how the princess his daughter had spent the wedding night, opened the door to bid her good-morning.

The grand vizier's son, who was almost perished with cold, by standing in his shirt all night, and had not had time to warm himself in bed, no sooner heard the door open, but he got out of bed and ran into the wardrobe, where he had undressed himself the night before.

The sultan went to the bedside, kissed the princess between the eyes, according to custom, wished her a good-morrow, and asked her, smiling, how she had passed the night. She cast at him a sorrowful look, expressive of great affliction or great dissatisfaction. He suspected that there was something extraordinary in this silence; and thereupon went immediately to the sultaness's apartment, and told her in what state he found the princess, and how she received him.

As soon as the sultaness was

dressed she went to the princess's apartment, who was still in bed. She heard all the princess told her, very patiently, but would not believe it. You did well, child, said she, not to speak of this to your father; take care not to mention it to anybody; for you will certainly be thought mad if you talk at this rate.

Aladdin, who was well acquainted with what passed in the palace, never disputed but the new-married couple were to be together again that night, notwithstanding the troublesome adventure of the night before; and, therefore, having as great an inclination to disturb them, he had recourse to his lamp. The genie obeyed Aladdin, as faithfully and exactly as the day before. The genie, according to Aladdin's orders, came, the next morning, and brought the bridegroom, and laid him by his bride, and then carried the bed and new-married couple back again to the palace.

The sultan was very anxious to know how she passed the second night, and, therefore, went into her chamber as early as the morning before. Still the princess was silent, and the sultan doubted not but that something extraordinary was the cause; but, provoked that his daughter should conceal it, he said to her, in a rage, with his sabre in his hand, Daughter, tell me what is the matter, or I will cut off your head immediately.

The princess at last told him what had happened to her, in so moving a manner, that he, who loved her tenderly, was most sensibly grieved.

From that instant, the sultan, who had determined it already, gave orders to put a stop to all rejoicings in the palace and town, and sent express messengers to all

parts of his kingdom to command his first orders; and in a short time all rejoicings ceased.

Aladdin was glad within himself, knowing why the consummation of the marriage had not taken place. The marriage was broken off, and his rival left the palace.

But Aladdin waited till the three months were completed, and then he sent his mother to the palace to remind the sultan of his promise.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A stumer is a cooking utensil, boil on the neck, fruit, counterfeit coin, toadstool?

2. What is the common name for the fish known as a smooth-hound?

3. What is the difference between (a) pampero, and (b) Sombrero?

4. Name the fifth Book in the Bible.

5. What famous anthem was written by a man named John Bull?

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Sheldduck, With-hold, Agreeable, Glowworm, Feesable.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 474

1. Egyptian rattle.
2. Between Nigeria and the Sudan.
3. Anton Walbrook.
4. Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey.
5. 1935.
6. Hackney, Cockney, Kidney.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

1 Colloquial moment.

5 Crouch.

9 Girl's name.

11 Sleeping place.

13 Mirth.

15 Cask.

16 South Sea islanders.

18 Minute thing.

20 Doubled.

21 Big ship.

23 Donor.

26 Strange.

28 Restaurant.

29 Very moral person.

32 Drag.

33 Slope.

34 Old.

36 Beards.

38 Conjecture.

59 Lived.

CRUSH COMBS  
HONOUR VEAL  
AMBIT WEDGE  
SPAR MANAGE  
M REBUT LET  
CEASED D  
SAG SIREN F  
CRITIC PACE  
URBAN RUCHE  
LIEN PATROL  
LEDGE PEEPS

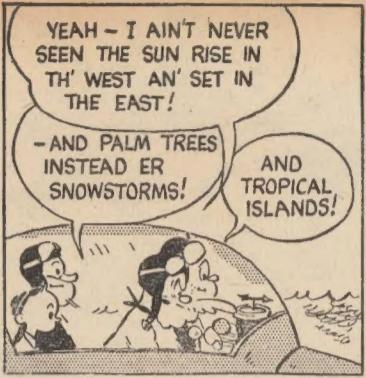
### CLUES DOWN.

1 Dog-like animal. 2 Bottle. 3 Nourished. 4 Part of egg. 5 Short county. 6 Constitutional. 7 Constitutional. 8 Regrets. 10 Approach. 12 Suite. 14 Soothing. 17 Find fault. 19 Sheep. 22 Groove. 24 Small trunk. 25 Ruler. 27 Ship's upper. 29 Stopper. 30 Anger. 31 Want. 33 Novel. 37 For.

## JANE



## BEELZEBUB JONES



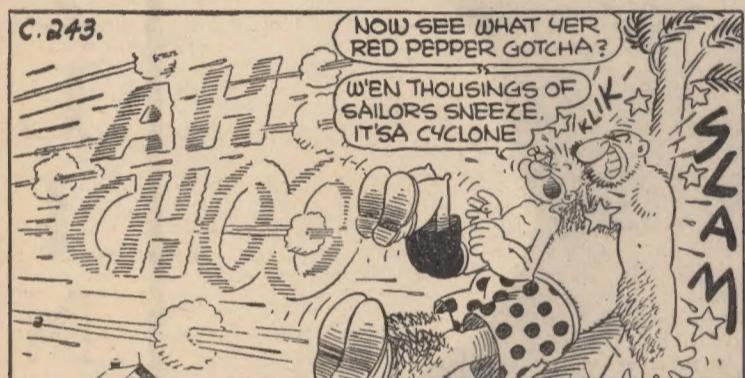
C.243.

## BELINDA

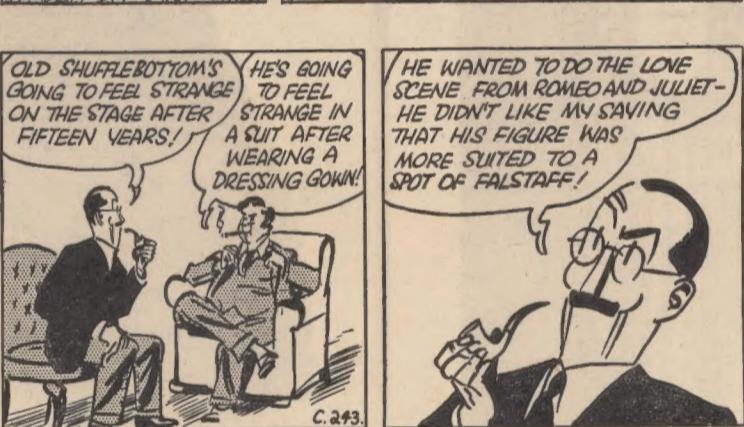


C.243.

## POPEYE



C.243.



## RUGGLES



C.243.

## GARTH



C.243.

## JUST JAKE



C.243.

# I get around -

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

THERE'S talk about the hundred-pound flying flivver—how soon shall we get it? How soon will the man who owned an Austin Seven before the war be able to fly in his own little aeroplane and take the family and luggage with him? What about "hopping" the Atlantic?

The hundred-and-forty-pound private aeroplane is already flying. It is built by a Vichy French firm, Elytroplan. It is a dinky little single-seater, with a top speed of over 100 m.p.h., a petrol consumption of about two gallons an hour, and a very fine safety design.

The same firm is offering a two-seater for approximately £200.

Despite war-time priorities, other firms are going right ahead with civil "family fours."

A tricycle undercarriage of special new design makes take-off and landing easy after only thirty minutes' dual instruction. "Once the wheels touch the ground, they stay there," says the designer. In trials, this machine has been landed on one wheel, and has automatically put down the other two correctly.

Extreme simplicity of control is a feature. A steering wheel like that of a car turns the aircraft to right or left, or causes it to rise or descend.



ONE of the biggest competitors in the post-war flying flivver market will be the Flying Ford.

This is to be a six-passenger family car which takes wings for week-end jaunts. It is to weigh 1,500 lbs.—only half as much as a pre-war coupe—because of new amalgams and plastics being used in its construction. It will have a five-foot wheel-track, and do 70 m.p.h. on the road, while only using as much petrol as a present-day 14 h.p. car.

It is to take standard tyres. The body will be all-transparent and non-splinterable. A combined wing and outrigger tall assembly hooks on to turn the affair into a 35ft.-wing-span aircraft.

The aircraft will fly at 100 m.p.h. on a petrol consumption equal to about 60 m.p.h. on the road. Cruising range is upwards of 250 miles.

Price is not quoted. It will depend on demand. At first, price will probably be about £700. After mass-production that may drop to under £500.

Some people—and many commercial firms—will want post-war helicopters. Helicopters now flying can stand still in the air, or fly backwards or sideways as easily as forwards. They can land on water, field, or even mud. They can be steered backwards or sideways even in a fast-running tide or river.

So you could easily put down your post-war helicopter on the flat roof of your house.

Lord Brabazon says that helicopters will be very widely used in Britain after the war as air taxis serving the great civil airports. He has also stated: "Private air runabouts should cost about £150."

That price will inevitably fall as production becomes heavy, and the £100 air runabout will be here within ten years.

Safety will be looked after in these post-war flivvers.



ALREADY the American civil Skyfarer type has been classed by the Civil Air Board as "characteristically incapable of spinning." It is more nearly foolproof than the average British car, and simpler to control.

It is an all-metal two-seat cabin monoplane, with a petrol consumption of about four gallons an hour, and it can be flown solo by any car-driver after less than two hours' dual instruction.

About 1,500 light aeroplanes of the trainer and liaison classes were recently declared surplus in U.S.A., and are now being sold to private owners. A large number of surplus gliders are shortly to be put on the market.

Air traffic regulations will follow ordinary flying rules as taught before the war in civil flying clubs. There should be more safety in the air than on the roads, except perhaps at airports; and there traffic will be rigidly controlled by airport officials. Aircraft will have to wait permission to land or take-off; only properly marked areas will be used; grounded machines will be parked in suitable places. Many safety measures learned in air warfare will be incorporated; there will probably be laws controlling flying when weather is unsuitable, not only locally, but anywhere on the proposed route.

Flying submarines next?

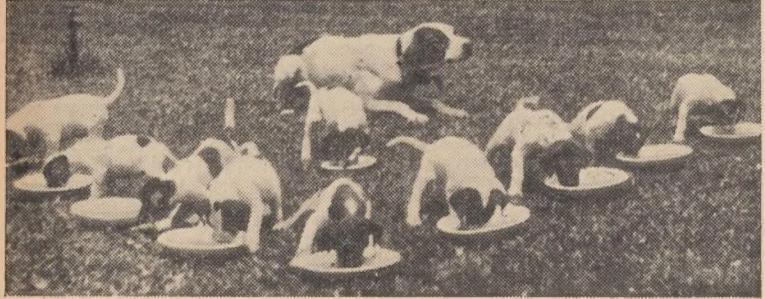
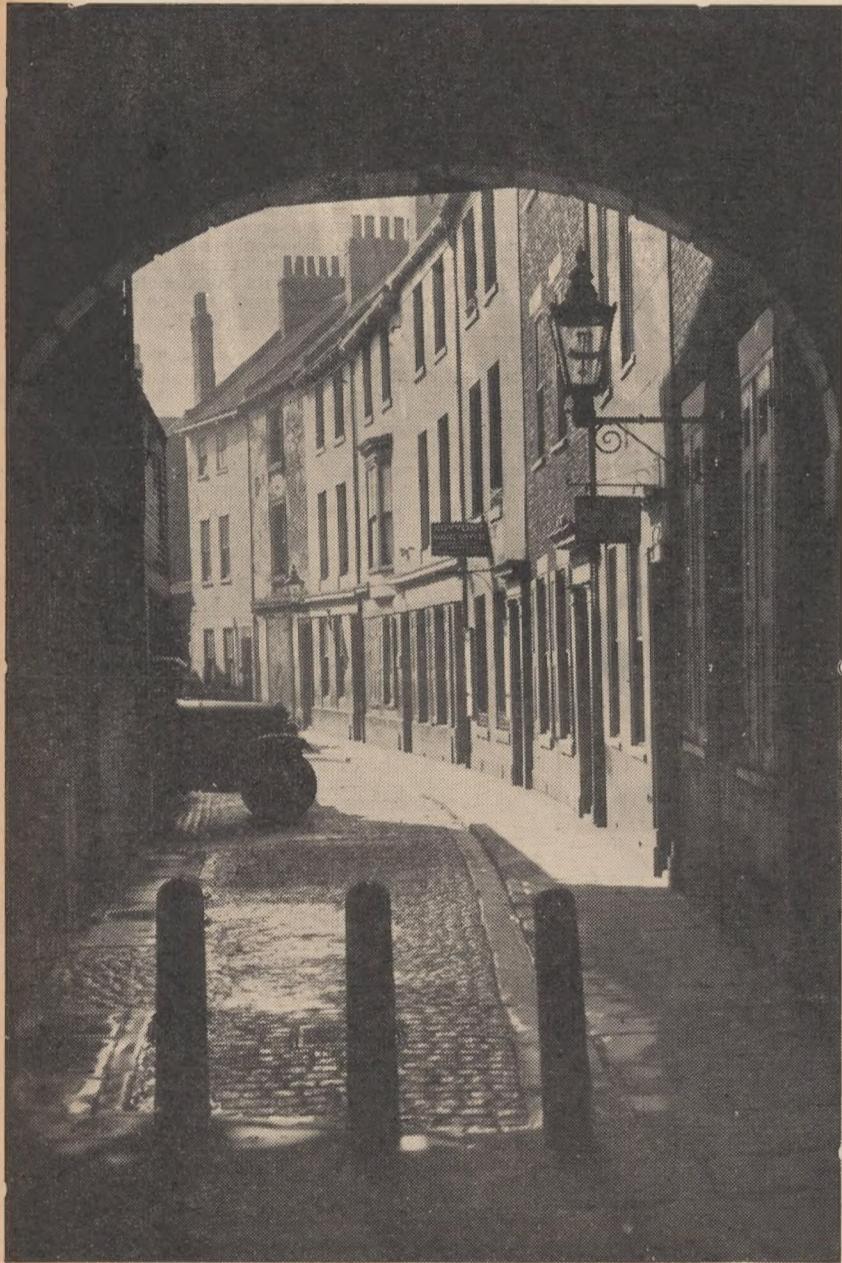
Ron Richards

# Good Morning

" See here, my good fellow,  
my plan is to corner all  
feeding bottles and hold them  
for a rising market."



Call it Kingston-upon-Hull, if you must. Call it the third port of the United Kingdom, if you wish. But it's really much more than that. To a great body of men who sail the Seven Seas, it's HOME — and that's what they call it. \*



They're Pointers — and, right now, they're busy pointing at their "eats." Get the point ?



" The becoming sweetheart neckline of the bra-top bodice is matched by a modified square back " — that's how "Good Morning's" fashion expert describes this picture.

Now have a go at writing your own caption !

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

" How do you think I'd look in the sweetheart neckline ? "

